

17. no. 84

T H E E P I T A P H

Of the most Renowned and Illustrious

Capt. WILLIAM BEDLOE.

STay Passenger! I am no common Stone,
 The Dust's not Vulgar which I lie upon:
 This is the Mighty Captain *Bedloe's* Grave,
 Now honest *Protestant*, though once *Popish Knave*,
 Who falsly Men out of their *lives* did Swear,
 And with his Tongue more Men than Hands did fear:
 That nimble Weapon he'd so finely use,
 That He Three Kingdoms with it did abuse:
Noll's Sword did do no more; Yet this great Wight,
 (As once the Gyants,) did 'gainst Heaven fight:
 False Oaths on Oaths he laid, the Bulk did rise
 Into a *Teneriff* of *P E R J U R I E S*;
 On which base Mount he stood, add Heav'n did dare,
 At the *Old-Baily* too and Impious War;
 For who *false Oath* does take, at that bold hit,
 Does in the face of his Creator spit;
 Such Christians who should be his Friends, do use
 Crift worse, then did his *Foes* the Jews:
 They knew not what they did when He did Die,
 These *knowing Christians* do *Christ* Crucifie
 With *loathsom Oaths*, which more prevails
 On's Sacred Virgin-flesh, then did the Nails
 Which pierc'd his *Hands* and *Feet* when He did Die,
 To save this Villain on *Mount Calvery*:
 But Heaven's asleep, at which Mortals wonder,
 Fearing he has forgot 'gainst Sin to Thunder;
 Or else this *Fidlers Son* could ne'r have Dy'd,
 The Peoples Sorrow, almost Deify'd:
 Who as their *second Saviour* they Bewail,
 And have forgot He once did *Horses* steal.
 No, no; we Judge according to our Sense,
 Which cannot fathom *Ocean-Providence*,
 Which Buys those up who in it boldy strive

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Which Buys those up who in it boldy strive
To Swim, but Drowns who in it needs will dive ;
Although his Body under Marble lies,
His Soul in *living Flames*, still living Dies ;
And when Gods Judgement's over for our Sins,
Then, then, his Wrath 'gainst his Comeradeas begins ;
Which when those *Perjur'd Villains* cannot skip,
He'll burn the Rod which once his Child did whip.

Reader, Pass on, and in thy Heart when gone,
With horreur write, what's here now writ in Stone.

13. Sept. 1680.